

# TIME.

[ A Fragment.]

[ By P. B. W. ]

*no* ~~no~~ record of Time, Earth may claim as its own;  
Since from chaotic gloaming emerging,  
A mythic senescence around it is thrown,  
Like d'm rays into shadows diverging.

When from darkness <sup>the</sup> orb of effulgent day,  
Shed its light o'er World, Time presided,  
And carol'd in pride thro' the luminous way  
That the day spring in strength had provided.

[sphere.  
Long ere the lost Pleiad had stray'd from its  
Or the Chaldean captives confided,  
In the strengthening faith of Judea's Seer,  
That the Conquer King had derided.

While Tadmor's rich marts, and its crowded street,  
With the loud din of commerce was sounding,  
When Babel was rising the skies to meet,  
Or wild shouts from proud Cleops resounding.

Whether Flodden's red field, or the bold crusades,  
Or of Jena sad wel'ring and gory, [raids,  
Or the thousand fields scourg'd with fierce hostile  
That are known to us only in story.

Time with each shifting scene, as in youthful prime  
Ever mingled, nor passed by unheeding,  
The erring, the fearfully wayward in crime,  
Or the pure marty'rd saints that were bleeding.

Time present is life, as in youth—so in age,  
And this lesson he gives—that the morrow,  
May dawn in its brightness on earth's gilded stage,  
Or engulf us with tempests of sorrow.